of a rich Government to a poor writer? Judge Goldsmith, then, by the severity of the trial, and give him the credit of his victory. But he was honest with the public as he was with patrons. Needy though he was, he sought the suffrage of men only by means which tended to make them wiser, and to make them better; and of those compositions which multitudes seek as much as they should shun them, and which it is as easy as it is dishonorable to produce, not one can be laid to the charge of Goldsmith. The spirit of his works is as chaste as their style is classical; and to him belongs the glory of having purified expression, when the phraseology even of women was coarse; and of having consecrated the novel to virtue, when the pen of fiction was dipped in the offscourings of passion.

Goldsmith is one of those whom we cannot help liking, and whom we cannot criticise; yet he is one that should be praised with caution, if in our age there was much danger of his being imitated. We are too busy for meditative vagrancy: we are too practical for the delusions of scholarship: even with the felicitous genius of Oliver Goldsmith, the literary profession would now be an insecure basis for subsistence, and none at all for prodigality. Extent of competition, the rigor of criticism, the difficulty of acting on an immensely reading public, repress the efforts of vanity; yet, except in a few instances, they do not compensate the efforts of power; the vain are driven to obscurity, but the powerful have little more than their fame. And though we possessed the abilities of Goldsmith, and were tempted to his follies, his life is before us for a memento, and his experience is sufficient for a warning. Yet it is agreeable to lay aside our prudence for a little, and enjoy with him, in fancy at least, the advantage of the hour: to participate in his thoughtless good nature, and to enter into his careless gaiety: to sit with him in some lonely Swiss glen; or to listen to his flute among the peasantry of France; or to hear him debate logical puzzles in monastic Latin: to share the pride of his new purple coat, which Johnson would not praise, and which Boswell could not admire. More grateful still is the relief which we derive from the perusal of his works: for in these we have the beauty of his mind, and no shade upon its wisdom; the sweetness of humanity, and its dignity also.

We need the mental refreshment which writers like Goldsmith afford. Our active and our thoughtful powers are all on the stretch; and such, unless it has appropriate relaxations, is not a state of nature or a state of health. From the troubles of business, which absorb the attention or exhaust it; from the acclivities of society, which exemplify, in the same degree, the force of mechanism and the force of will; from the clamor of politics, from the asperity of religious discussions, we turn to philosophy and literature for less fatiguing or less disquieting interests. But our philosophy, when not dealing with matter, is one which, in seeking the limits of reason, carries it ever into the infinite and obscure; our literature is one which, in its genuine forms, has equal intensity of passion and intensity of expression, which, in its spurious forms, mistakes extravagance for the one, and bombast for the other. Our genuine literature is the production of natural causes, and has its peculiar excellence. But from the excitement of our present literature, whether genuine or spurious, it is a pleasant change to take up the tranquil pages of Goldsmith; to feel the sunny glow of his thoughts upon our hearts, and on our fancies the gentle music of his words. In laying down his writings we are tempted to exclaim, "Oh that the author of *The Deserted Village* had written more poetry! Oh that the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* had written more novels!"

A Complete Story

THE CHILD OF GRACE

(By MARY MABEL WIRRIES, in the *Missionary*)

The mail-carrier, riding by in his Ford, hailed Jared Meacham with his usual friendliness.

"Mornin', Jared. It's a fine day."

Old Jared, splicing a worn-out bit of harness, looked up dourly and spat into the dust at his feet.

"Ye-ah," he answered, briefly and grudgingly. "But it'll rain before night."

And there you have Jared Meacham. It mattered not that there were no clouds in the sky, that the sun was shining its cheeriest and brightest, nor that old Jared himself didn't believe his own prophecy. Admitting that the weather was fine or that anything else in the world was fine, was foreign to Jared's nature, and called for an instant qualification of prophesied rain or disaster. Perhaps it was his Puritan upbringing—perhaps an inherited trait—perhaps the result of responsibilities thrust upon him by the early death of his parents—or mayhap it was a combination of all three, but if Jared had even worn rose-colored spectacles—and those who remembered him as a gloomy, taciturn boy doubted it—they had been replaced at an early age by the dark blue goggles of pessimism.

It was inevitable that his unfortunate disposition should affect his surroundings and his associates. His sister Mattie, an invalid, was a chronic complainer and her loud and long lamentations filled the cottage. Hilda, who had been the prettiest and gayest girl in the community, had lapsed into a sad, colorless woman, who spoke in monosyllables and went about her work like a well-ordered automaton. Even the house was dark and cheerless—the furniture dull and worn—upholstered in shabby ugliness—the pots and pans darkened with age. The flowers that had once brightened the Meacham dooryard had sickened and died. Even flowers need love and appreciation.

Into this odd household came uninvited and little wanted, bright youth, in the person of Molly Mavis, the child of Faith. There had been four of the Meachams—Jared and Mattie, Faith, next to the youngest, and Hilda, the baby of the family. Faith's name had never been mentioned in the Meacham house since the day she defied her brother and eloped with young Anthony Mavis. There was nothing wrong with Anthony Mavis, save that he was joyous where Jared was joyless—and he was a Catholic. Jared felt that if Anthony's buoyant spirit didn't damn him his religion certainly would. Religion to Jared meant a strict attendance at the Sunday services, a close acquaintance with Scripture, particularly the Old Testament, a strict abstinence from cards, dancing and other frivolous amusements, and a rigid obedience to the commandment to keep the Sabbath Day holy. He went to great lengths to accomplish the latter, forbidding laughter or music in his house on Sunday, allowing his sisters to read nothing but the Bible on that holy day, and himself preserving a grim silence most of the time he was at home. Anthony's religion was, on the other hand, a glowing and joyful thing. He whistled on his way to early Mass and on his way home. He could not help it, for his heart sang within him. He tussled with the O'Leary pup in the O'Leary front yard—Anthony was an orphan and boarded at the O'Leary home. Once he even presumed to meet Faith after her Sunday school and take her buggy-riding—and by so doing he drew upon her young head a storm of vituperation that made her shiver. But Faith was an intrepid soul, and when Jared not only forbade her marrying the "accursed papist," but even forbade her speaking to him, she listened with head held high and dark eyes flashing—and the next morning she was gone. He never saw her again, though in later years she often wrote to him—long, chatty letters which he burned as soon as he had read them, never showing them to Mattie or the younger Hilda. Faith had been his favorite sister. Deep in his heart he longed for some word or sign that would tell him she knew she was in the wrong—that she regretted the step she had taken—but that sign she never gave. Instead, her letter breathed a quiet happiness. Anthony was so good to her. Anthony had a fine place with the Black people now. She hoped he would let Hilda visit her some time. Was Mattie's health any better? And then after many years there was an abrupt ceasing of her letters. For two years he heard nothing, until one day Sol Peters, driving the station hack, deposited at the Meacham door a fair-haired, merry-eyed slip of a girl, just turned sixteen—a miniature replica of Anthony Mavis, who yet had Faith's dimples and Faith's carriage, and a suggestion of Faith's smile lurking about the corners of her humorous mouth. The girl was Molly, Faith's baby—and Faith was dead, having followed her husband in less than a year after an accident had taken him from her. Dying, she had sent her girl to her only living relatives.